

**"GAY MUSICIAN" AT WALLACK'S**

ONE OF THOSE OPERAS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

Julian Edwards goes far back of "The Merry Widow" to Sullivan, Meyer, for his inspiration—sometimes little off Happy Effects of Fun and Rhythm.

With "The Gay Musician," shown at Wallack's Theatre last evening, the name of Julian Edwards—of "Dolly Varden"—reappeared on a Broadway programme, and a house full of friends were on hand with a welcome. "The Gay Musician" has a quaint, old time flavor about it—that is, when it is flavored; sometimes it is just flat.

For Mr. Edwards "The Merry Widow" is not, save perhaps for a strain of the song about women that has come to him as influence. He does not dally with the slow, seductive waltz. He avoids the mad music of Maxims. He rather plays with the rhythms of Sullivan, a master who lived many years ago and wrote operettas that were once thought pretty good. Sometimes even there is a faint echo of eighteenth century England in his melodies.

And when Mr. Edwards is playing with these rhythms in a comic quartet and has been helped out by his librettists, and when the stage performers get into the spirit of the scene, he achieves delightful moments. But it must be confessed this happy combination of circumstances was not brought about any too frequently in "The Gay Musician," though during the latter part of the first act something of the old time English operetta spirit floated pleasantly out to the audience. For the rest of the play rather mediocre players were engaged in repeating the words of a rather mediocre libretto or singing in a rather mediocre manner somewhat uninspired songs.

"The Gay Musician" is concerned with the matrimonial adventures of Eugene Du-ton, a composer who lived in Bensonhurst, which explains the woodland landscape on the back drop. He had written an opera which *Made Gravelle*, a prima donna, wanted to produce. Ultimately she did (between acts), which caused Eugene's wife to divorce him, ably aided by her mother-in-law. Then some more things happened and matters got ultimately adjusted after everybody had had a chance to sing.

Walter Percival, a person who jumps about with vast and whirling ideas, played Eugene and Amelia Stone gave him ideas of a fascinating prima donna. Sophie Brandt played the wife with much pert sprightliness, and Joseph Miron lent his deep sea bass to the part of a retired sea captain, while Fritz Sobell sat in a box and applauded.

Mother-in-law was played by Martha George with the required German accent. This part was to have been taken by Mrs. Neundorff, the German actress and singer, but she drew the line at tight fitting costumes and Miss George's reluctance is not wholly explicable.

One of the characters in the play was Samuel Lyons, Manager of the *Norfolk Theatre*, New York. He sang a song with this refrain, "The box office tells the story." Even musical comedy is not without its touches of realism these days.

**OPERA AT THE MAJESTIC.**

Adina Padovani Makes Her First Appearance Here in "La Traviata."

he Knickerbocker Grand Opera Company is the title of the latest organization to set upon the town with voice and fiddle, flute and bassoon. It emerged last night at the Majestic Theatre and the medium of its relation was the opera of the hour, "La Traviata." Shall the much belated Tetrazini dazzle London with her top land, her staccato, and her infantile parlance, and we New Yorkers pine in the gloom of the after season without a prima donna to see as a single stunt in all? Nay, we too shall be blessed, for we shall have to the Majestic and hear Padovani, whose first name, like Patti's, is Adeline, and she shall sing up among the little notes too.

And with her we may hear V. Barili, a tenor with a noble name, for was not Patti's mother Caterina Barili? There are also Mr. Alessandrini and Mr. Zwickl and the other of prepositional titles. All of these were heard and enthusiastically applauded last night by a goodly audience, which seemed to be almost overcome with its delight. Mrs. Padovani's "Ah, fors e' lui" could hardly reach its end for excited voices of "brava," and after her "Sempre lieta" she was recalled no less than seven times. More than that she made a new high record to the year, for she had to sing "Addio" all over again, and it was mighty affecting. Can Tetrazini of the Hammersteins do as much?

Many things have been whispered in music circles about this week of Padovani. Leg ago the knowing ones were told to wait for her and they would hear another Tetrazini. They have heard her and they are still waiting. All things do come to him who waits, for while Mrs. Padovani may at one time have been a second Tetrazini, it must have been when Luisa was a Tyrolia on the gold coast. She is a profoundly experienced singer and there is circumstantial evidence of a once beautiful voice. But this prima donna should have come to us with a first Padovani, at a second Tetrazini.

As for the performance in general it can only be said of it that it had the familiar characteristics common to entertainments of this class, to wit, loudness, vigor, a want of discretion and a valiant and prolonged effort for high notes. There are many who only perform of this kind. The chorus of last evening was tolerable and the orchestra better than those usually heard in opera at low prices. This evening "Il Trovatore" will be given, with Mrs. Padovani as *Leonora*, Mrs. Colombi as *Aurora*, Mr. Zubino as *Manrico* and Mr. Pemaszini as the long suffering *Luisa*.

**Notes at the Academy of Music.**

E. H. Sothers began a supplementary engagement last night at the Academy of Music, playing "Lord Dunsinane," in which he made a great success at the Lyric theatre in Boston. Next week he will appear in "If I Were King" and the repertoire of the third week will consist of "Hamlet," "If I Were King" and "Don Quixote."

**News of Plays and Players.**

F. Ziegfeld, Jr., is making elaborate preparations for the farewell performance of his star, Adeline Genee, in "The Soul Kiss," which takes place on Saturday evening, May 23. Miss Genee will be on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. on Tuesday, May 26. Miss Genee appears at the Empire Theatre, London, for eight weeks and then returns to appear in Mr. Ziegfeld's production for a tour of the United States next season. On Tuesday night at the Hippodrome, the company will be largely represented, as will the Military Athletic League of the National Guard.

Iva Abramson has decided to send on her tour next season a special company for the production of her new opera, "The Centaur of Hoffman." The tour, which includes a short New York season, will be booked immediately.

Mr. Dr. George Clarke Houghton, rector of the Little Church around the Corner, who twice his choir to the theatre once or twice every year, took them to the theatre last night. The choir numbers about thirty men and boys.

**DREADNOUGHT'S SKIPPER DEAD.**

Capt. Samuel, Henrietta's Victorious Commander, Passes Away at 88.

Capt. Samuel, famous as the skipper of the Dreadnought, the leader of all sailing packets, and commander of the Henrietta in the first transatlantic yacht race back in 1893 when Bennett's craft won from the Fleetwing and the Vespa, died yesterday at his home, 194 Clinton street, Brooklyn, of cerebral embolism. He had lived 88 years and 2 months. He was stricken on April 18 and three days ago lapsed into unconsciousness. Until this spring he had been hale and hearty, and having given up the sea thirty years ago worked hard and long as president of the Marine Journal Company.

Capt. Samuels was a lover of adventure, and from the time he ran away to sea from his home in Philadelphia, where he was born on March 14, 1820, he got paid for it. He became a master at the age of 21 years, and in later years, when he assumed command of the Dreadnought, he was known and revered among the sailormen of the world.

He added to his fame by commanding the Henrietta in her famous race from New York to Southampton. He was also skipper of the Dauntless in her race with the Cambria from Queenstown to New York in 1870, a voyage made in twenty-nine days, and raced her against the Coroner in 1867. He lost these two races.

Capt. Samuels ran away from home at the age of 11 and shipped as cook and cabin boy on the schooner Hampton West-coast. He was a tribulation to his father, who was a sailor, and he was a tribulation to his mother, who was a landlady. He was a tribulation to his father, who was a sailor, and he was a tribulation to his mother, who was a landlady.

Capt. Samuels commanded the United States steamship John Rice in 1863-64. He was general superintendent of the Quartermaster's Department in New York city from 1864 to 1868 and had charge of the repairing and provisioning and despatching of vessels. He commanded the McClellan at the taking of Fort Fisher in 1865. In 1868 he was skipper of the Fulton, the last of the American packet steamers between New York and Havre.

He organized the Samuels Bay Company of Santo Domingo in 1872 with a quasi-understanding that the United States Government should acquire a part of the bay as a naval station, but a new Dominican Government upset the project. Two years later he organized the Roussau Electric Signal Company and introduced the English system of interlocking switches and signals. In 1878-79 he was general superintendent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company at San Francisco. He organized the United States Steam Heating and Power Company of this city in 1881. He was a partner in the company which connected with the Marine Journal.

His first wife was Annie West, an Englishwoman, who died many years ago. His second wife, who survives him, was Alice Steele of Brooklyn. He leaves seven children, four sons and three daughters. One of his sons is Capt. William S. Samuels of Philadelphia, and the others, who live in San Francisco, are Frederick S., Stanley and Stewart B. The daughters are Mrs. Louis Haight and Miss Edith M. and Miss Rachel V. Samuels.

The funeral will be at 11 o'clock Thursday morning at Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights.

**PATRICK CAMPBELL DEAD.**

Was Chief of Police in Brooklyn for 25 Years and Long Prominent in Politics.

Patrick Campbell, who was Chief of Police in the old city of Brooklyn for twenty-five years and was one of the best known and most popular residents of that borough, died suddenly early last evening at his home, 90 Herkimer street.

Mr. Campbell was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1827. His parents moved to Brooklyn and settled in the Eleventh ward. Young Campbell became an apprentice in the composing room of the Eagle office and finally foreman. He and his brothers, all of whom are survived—Felix, who developed into a noted banker and merchant and was long a Congressman; John, James and Hugh—all became active in Democratic politics and were potent factors in the political management not only of the Eleventh but the other downtown wards.

After working for more than twenty years in the Eagle office Mr. Campbell started in official life as an inspector in the Custom House in the Administration of President Buchanan. In 1865 he was elected Sheriff of Kings county, then the most lucrative office in the county, and at the close of his three year term retired with a fortune estimated at \$100,000.

In 1870 he was appointed Chief of Police, and retained the place during all the changes of administration until 1895, when he retired on a pension.

**OBITUARY.**

Henry F. Crosby, who had long been associated with former Congressman Combs in the exporting of iron from Crosby & Eddy, died Sunday at the Hotel Manhattan, Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, in his sixty-third year. He had been in the hotel since his retirement from active business a few years ago. Mr. Crosby was born in New York in 1845, but later removed to Brooklyn. In 1868 he married Anna M. Anderson, daughter of John F. Anderson, who with a son, Komatse H. Crosby survives him. Mr. Crosby was a pioneer in the export trade to South America. In 1870 he put his great energy and his capital into the service of Combs, Crosby & Eddy, a house organized to exploit that trade. Later the firm was merged into the corporation of Flint, Eddy & Co., whose finances were conducted by Mr. Crosby as treasurer up to his retirement.

Mr. Crosby was a member of the Board of Directors of the Universalist Church in Japan, died on May 11 on shipboard while en route to the country on the Minnesota. He was 55 years old. He had been ill for some time, but he sailed from Yokohama on May 1, accompanied by his wife and four children. Dr. Cate was born in Calais, Vt., was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1871, and went to Yale College, from which he graduated with the class of 1880. Dr. Perin was then preparing to go to Yale as a student of divinity, but he was called to the Universalist mission and the young man, who had become deeply interested in the proposed work, declined to go.

The Rev. Dr. George M. Boynton, who for two years had suffered from paralysis, died yesterday in Boston, aged 71. He was the first pastor of the Riverside Congregational Church, New York, later of the Bellevue Avenue Congregational Church in New York, N. Y., and for a while pastor of the Boylston Congregational Church, Jamaica Plain, which he left about twenty-one years ago. Since that time he had been secretary of the Congregational Publishing Company until a year ago, when he was obliged to give up work on account of ill health.

George E. McKinnell, of McKinnell, Dunlop & Rathbone, died yesterday at New Brighton, Richmond Borough. Death was due to cancer of the stomach. He was a member of the McKinnell family, which included the removal of the left jawbone. Mr. McKinnell had been in the hospital two or three times. He was a very old man who will be missed by his family. The body will be placed in a vault at Moravian Cemetery at New Dorp until his return.

**The Seagoers.**

Among the passengers sailing on the steamer Kronprinz, Wilhelm for Bremen to-day are: George Ehrst, Miss Madeline L. Ehrst, Mrs. Morris waiting for the funeral of George Ehrst, and the Right Rev. Thomas A. Haggerty, D. D., of Boston.

**Hackett, Carhart & Co.**

A decidedly smart appearance is evident in the shapely cut and faultless fit of our Summer Suits for Men and Young Men. Thin fancy Chevilles, finished and unfinished fancy Worsted and blue and black Serges. All, the most serviceable kinds.

Full Suits \$15 to \$40. Outing Suits (two piece) \$15 to \$30. Blue and Black Serges, \$15 to \$23.

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**RAILWAY CLUB SKY PARLORS**

FAR ABOVE THE DEAR SMELL OF OIL AND HOT BOXES.

Dignitaries of the Business Hosts at the Opening of the New Rooms, Where the Traffic Manager or Division Superintendent May Take His Family.

"Hello, Jim! When did you come in?" "On one hundred and eight. Due Jersey City twenty-three; arrived twelve thirty-one."

"Good work!" "Engineer was my boss when I was in the shops. Told him Alice was waiting to lunch with me and he did the rest. Been doing passage ever since."

"Not a mile. Nose to the desk all the time—oh, except a little run down to Mobile and out to St. Paul. Say, Tom, remember telling me to keep my eye on your new contractor doing rock work on your new grade on the San Francisco, Omaha, St. Paul, Duluth and Manitoba branch of the Baltimore and Iowa division?"

"Sure!" "I got him. Remember that rock cut just beyond culvert ninety-three, before we get to bridge eighteen, between section ten-forty and eleven-thirty? Say, he's eating it up. Dynamite is pie to him. Where's Alice?"

In the dining section with your missus. Sure, I tucked her and Fannie away at an observation window, and I told a foreman waiter to see that they got all that was coming and I'd allow him double time. Let's go and have a peek at them."

You could hear quick talk like that on all sides yesterday at the opening of the new rooms of the Railway Club of New York. Those rooms occupy the twenty-first and twenty-second floors and the roof of the southern end of the Hudson Terminal Building.

Members and their wives and guests to the number of a thousand applied a high pressure to the club kitchen and dining room service, which stood the test ably, being assisted, to be sure, when Jim and Tom made personal excursions to the buffet for petits gateaux assortis for Alice and Fannie.

It was a mighty interesting collection of men to watch, especially those young middle aged men and their wives, who easily fell from their shop talk to the hustling executive chiefs and sub-chiefs of operating and construction departments. There were, of course, a few looking seniors there, too. They were interesting also for their placidity, or their expressions which denoted placidity were fixed and hard polished, as if the receipt of a telegram had been a thousand more idle cars were being sidetracked would effect no change in those expressions, no matter how much it might worry their brains and hearts. It was interesting to see that these gray seniors were very attentive to the hustling young fellows who keep the machinery of passenger and freight transportation going and the construction work up to record. The seniors seemed not only glad to meet their own executive men, but also sought introductions to the executive men of rival roads and talked with them pleasantly and earnestly.

But of all the classes of railroad men who were there, from presidents to head clerks, the Jim and Tom crowd was the greatest attraction for an idle looker-on. Many of these, and their Alices and Fannies, had evidently come from distant railway centres, guests in portions of their suitcases were glad to entertain and had sent for, perhaps, with a business excuse. There were probably a hundred of these strangers to New York, strangers to the city, and they were glad to be there, because among railroad men the spirit of fraternity seems strong and acquaintance very general.

Jim and Tom from their widely separated homes met others in their lines of activity from equally distant railway centres, and no introduction appeared ever to be a needed preliminary to rapid acquaintance and answer regarding physical condition of roadbed, progress of new work, increase and decrease of idle cars, freight and passenger rates and such topics as are the very life blood of the industry.

When they gathered on the roof it was to point out the various railroad terminals on the Jersey shore, and a host carrying scores of freight cars, and a host carrying very likely more beauty in their eyes than the bridges over the East River, which could be seen from the opposite side of the roof.

Of course they took Alice and Fannie all over the clubrooms, admiring the great dining hall facing south and west, wherein 250 persons may be seated at service tables, the ten handsome private dining rooms on the twenty-first floor, the big reading and writing rooms and the hand-some parlors for the ladies, then up on the floor above, where there are three more private dining rooms and a roof garden as large as the main dining room. Only one drawback to the club was close at hand. That was the wine room. This was not because guests might not have what they wanted to drink, but that if the room were open some one might think that he was at liberty to buy something. That was against the order of the day.

Altogether the Railway Club of New York is furnished and provided for in a way to suggest that the hardships of railroading will be considerably mollified to those who are so fortunate as to be members. The principal officers of the club, most of whom were present yesterday in their capacity as hosts, are: E. H. Gary, president; F. K. Underwood, vice-president; G. W. King, secretary and treasurer; and W. G. Oakman, W. H. Marshall, F. B. Jennings and W. G. Bealer, house committee.

On the board of governors are William H. Barnum, Arthur N. Brady, C. A. Coffin, E. C. Cozzer, R. W. De Forest, Philip Fick, Clarence H. Kelley, George R. Sheldon and Cornelius Vanerbill.

The list of membership includes nearly every man whose name is prominent in railroad affairs not only here but in nearly all American railway centres, and even one Londoner has had the foresight to join early and avoid the rush.

**New \$5,000,000 Hotel for Brooklyn Heights.**

The site of the old Pierpont House at Montague and Hicks streets, Brooklyn, was sold yesterday by Abraham Abraham, the dry goods merchant, to Louis Bossert, the lumber merchant, who will erect a \$5,000,000 twelve story hotel upon it. Work on the building will be begun as soon as Helme & Huberty, the architects, complete the plans.

Among the passengers sailing on the steamer Kronprinz, Wilhelm for Bremen to-day are: George Ehrst, Miss Madeline L. Ehrst, Mrs. Morris waiting for the funeral of George Ehrst, and the Right Rev. Thomas A. Haggerty, D. D., of Boston.

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BROOKLYN: 225 and 725 Fulton Street and 224 Broadway. Railroad and Pullman tickets can be secured at any of these offices, or will be delivered upon request by express representatives who can answer all questions. Address: L. F. Vossburgh, 1216 Broadway, Phone 5050 Madison.



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